



THE PROMETHEAN PRIMER

AN INTRODUCTION TO POST-SATANIC FUTURISM

BEAST XENO AND NAO

THE PROMETHEAN PRIMER

BY

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The image shows three figures from behind, wearing dark, hooded robes. They are standing on a dark, textured ground, looking out over a vast, desolate landscape. The sky is a deep, vibrant red, with numerous bright, purple and white streaks of light or energy crisscrossing it. The overall atmosphere is mysterious and ominous.

PROMETHEAN FUTURISM

THE HEINOUS GODS AWAIT...

AN INSIDIOUS INITIATIVE

XX/AEON



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INITIATIVE 616



One of the benefits of age is the gaining of perspective. Perspective can often reveal the true terror of a situation. When we are too close to something, it's easy to laser focus on what we like or enjoy about the thing. Gradually as our sights are zooming in, there's an almost blackness blanketing what is beyond that thing. We'll lie to ourselves, saying that "nothing is perfect", and sacrificing this small part is acceptable in trade for this thing. Compromise after compromise is made and still we cling to this thing. Unfortunately, with me, Satanism has been this thing.

Somewhere along the line, Satanism has become a haven for the weak and degenerative. Fostering a culture of "acceptance and tolerance". A niche clique of cowardly scavengers claiming to champion the predatory. Yes, I am specifically discussing pedophiles and rapists. Sleazy filth not worth the space they take up, let alone the air they breathe. Blatantly ignorant of the most obvious features of the satanic mythology.

Satan chose to make a stand against YHWH after being given a command that he just couldn't in good conscience follow. He was commanded to love and kneel before mankind. Satan being an entity of pure spirit, saw creatures of flesh as mere animals. They were filthy, fragile, and stupid. At first he simply protested. Stating that he could prove to YHWH that they were unworthy and so YHWH agreed and appointed him to the task.

Time after time, instance after instance; He pointed out the shortcomings of mankind. Yet nothing persuaded YHWH. Not the whorish seduction and sedition of Eve in the Garden. Nor the continuous desertion of the faithful with every new idol YHWH's chosen came into contact with. Whole cities would have to be rendered into piles of salt, because man was unable to escape his perversity. Still YHWH held them up and glorified them.

Satan was clearly bewildered by this. Why then were these talking monkeys placed above his kind? YHWH eventually answered this question by explaining that mankind was made in his likeness. It was at this point, in his infernal wisdom that something clicked. Satan and the host of angels were beings of pure spirit and not of flesh and bone. Not weighed down by the temptations and baser urges of their animal instincts.

To the body of Angels, they had been made in perfection. Cosmic warriors dedicated to their design and purpose. Mankind was clearly inferior. Yet YHWH has said that they were made in his image. This could only lead to one conclusion, He was also inferior. Thus the rebellion became underway.

This is a summation of every version of the story that I have ever heard. With it comes a couple of lessons that cannot be ignored. Firstly Satan despises mankind. Viewing us as weak and degenerative. We cling to this perversion of flesh and often further twist it to suit our own ends. Secondly, we will worship and grovel to anything we perceive as "higher" than us. Making gods of even pointless symbolic paper and serving out our lives as slaves to it. Hypocrisy, Cowardliness, Stupidity, and Contemptuousness are rampant like fleas in a neglected kennel.

LaVey pointed all of this out. Aquino pointed it out also. Anton Long not only pointed to it, but also decided to prey upon it. Honestly, who can blame the man? An easy mark can be the source of laughter for an untold amount of time.

Now here we stand, LaVey said that Satan demanded study in lieu of worship; yet we see them worship him. Anton Long said to learn to raise yourself above yourself so you can triumph over all, yet we cling to our basic animal instincts. Aquino put forth the notion of "becoming" as Xeper, yet where are all the gods?

Instead, we find these once promising institutions are littered with degenerates, grifters, and sycophants. These are the ubermensch of Satanic thought? Rubbish... Pure rot. Preying on children, turning on your "kin", revelling in your filth and surrendering to addiction; these are not signs of strength or enlightenment. They are the hallmarks of the mundane and deplorable.

There is a point, when a cloth becomes so saturated... It becomes so torn and tattered. So stained, that it cannot be washed a new. This is when you can look and it be so in your face. So blatant and obvious to you, that it can never be as it was. That's when it's time to step across the threshold into the new.

For me, I cannot continue to be held down by what calls itself Satanism today. You can have it. I won't ask for it back. Watch me though and witness me. You will find that my words and my deeds are synchronic. I am choosing to step into the infernal wisdom of the New Aeon.

THE TERROR BEYOND

As I cross the barrier; I choose to leave the dead weight of it all behind me. Look abroad and recognize the flies in the fermenting honey. Struggling to free themselves. Trapped because they were drawn to the sweetness of the aroma. Greedy little myopically minded pestilence.

How then can I transcend? If my Will is to truly evolve and reach towards the pinnacle of my potentials, then what process do I undergo? Since I can reasonably assess that what I am talking about is creation. I will use art as an analogous process for consideration. Since I have experience in the Art of Tattoos that will be my method of discussion.

When I worked in the industry, each tattoo was to me deeply personal. They are personal for the person choosing to get it and personal to me as a creator. In my mind, the process begins before the customer walks through the door. They have spent hours and hours looking through a sea of images posted online. They maybe have just an idea of what they want. Maybe they are dead set on what they want and where.

The moment they open the door to the shop the magic begins. In a perfect world, the artist that comes out is in perfect alignment with the customers vision. Most of the time though, a rapport has to be built between the artist and the customer. As they talk about the idea, they begin to build a harmonic resonance. Eventually, they should reach a point of melody between the two. There are times when the two just can't come together. When that happens, it's best to call it and both go on to find that resonance elsewhere.

What does it look like when they are able to build that harmony? The artist and the recipient come to a distinctly clear envisioning of it. They agree on the content and style. Both in unison of the placement and size. The creator has taken care to explain the process and given instructions on preparation. A commitment is made to the time of commencement. The recipient prepares with obedience and carefully carries out the preparations. Ensuring the proper compensation is in order.

As the time of the procedure begins, the artist sees to the final arrangements. It should be universally understood that this is different from other forms of art. This is also why, I have chosen this analogy. This process is uncomfortable and possibly even painful for the creator and of course for the recipient. When it's done both will bear the fruits of it permanently. Both will be transformed through this.

The working surfaces are cleansed and protected. The station is assembled and skin is freshly shaved. The stencil is put down. Then there is a moment. As the client makes absolutely certain through the now easier visualization that they are ready to commit.

At the same moment, the artist is going through the final checklist in their head. Simultaneously also envisioning through the visualization; they to are ready to commit. Now the work is about to be underway.

This is a terrifying moment for the aware. The artist knows to anticipate complications. The question is are there any they might not be able to overcome. They've trained hard for this. Still only fools believe that there are no limits. Equipment failure, adverse reactions, and unforeseeables are an every event possibility. All seems firmly under your control. Those first few fractions of a sec are sort of a leap of faith and as they pass confidence quickly builds.

It is here, mired in pigments and plasma. Here, in adrenaline and uncomfortable pain. It is here that creations are born. This is where it is ALL ALIVE. Complete with the perfumes of green soap and ointment. There is nothing to do but find the harmony that brings all of this to the beyond.

THE HARMONY OF THE HOUSE

Religion used to be the lynchpin of any given community. The shared common beliefs and values provided a guideline of taboos which offered governance without having to enact hard draconian laws. After all, mistakes happen and over time what is acceptable morphs into new taboos. This is useful to any closely knit community.

In medieval times, the governance of a community was left in the capable hands of noblemen to protect and in exchange oversee. This often led to hardship and oppression for the people of that land. This was often the result of greed and hypocrisy with a heavy emphasis on a perceived, but unearned, superiority of the patriarch. Occasionally though, a great House would arise.

The metaphorical "captain at the helm" understood that there had to be a uniformity of code, ethics, honor, and virtue between the House and it's lands. That men, no matter their status, needed purpose and prosperity within and throughout the land. These Houses culminated into things of legend. Particularly if they rose up in military prowess.

We see something of a similar effect play out in every version of a feudal system. We see that when the Head of the House is principled and truly responsible for his charge; he can govern with generosity and severity. Understanding the nuances and power of taboos and kinship often using them as precision tools. Rather than relying on brute force alone. This demonstrates the strength and embrace of belonging.

Creating a feeling of extended family and providing a worthy basis of purpose in union. The Noble Lord was seen as a father figure or an elder brother to all. Those employed beneath him operated in harmony and reflection of his desire to protect and aggrandize his House, Lands, and Kinfolk. Thus legends like "Camelot" were born and then romanticized in tale.

THE HOUSE OF ICONOCLASTS

It was sometime in the year 2003 that I first began to consider creating a Noble House like that which I just described. I had begun to notice a vacuum forming in communal experiences. It was an obvious disconnection of people. A number of people being absent the sense of belonging and purpose. Having nothing to build a sense of pride in.

Regardless of the "official narrative" which propagates the lie that tribalism is somehow detrimental and rooted in hateful ignorance. I began to recognize that in truth it was rooted in heritage and patriotism. It became apparent that these "acts of violence" were mostly misguided attempts to defend what the actors felt was worth protecting. Their cultures and customs. That impulse was accelerated by a disproportionate hypocrisy of sanctioning of one kind of cultural pride while simultaneously demonizing another.

All forms of cultural pride have an equal right to exist. But all cultures are not capable of existing in close proximity to one another. Thus in a very human way, there are feudal conflicts. By in large, we as a species (particularly here in the West) are in denial of our

nature as animals. We believe because we have complex systems of communication and living that we are somehow no longer simply an animal.

We hold up this image of self as a higher lifeform. Though we may recognize that we have a capacity for both compassion and violence, our collective solution has been the reprehension of anything that could lead to violence. This is in spite of the celebrated works of Carl Jung and specifically his call for the recognition and integration of the "shadow self". This is also in the face of growing supporting evidence that unmitigated repression of the impulse only results in an "acting out" and often violently.

It became so apparent to me that this "system" or institution, in which, we are expected to live by and exalt is a sham. It's a fallacious and corrosive one at that. Tribalism and War are deeply ingrained facets of what's been deemed the human condition. Attempts to deny them or to simply suppress them cannot make the situation better. Only worsen the qualitative experiences in life.

To make matters more concerning, not only is the traditional small community (read that as clan/tribe/extended family) eroded, but nowadays the core family is all but gone. Leaving sons and daughters without fathers and sometimes without mothers. Thus the entire breakdown of what has been deemed traditional is well underway.

My good friend has a saying that he repeats pretty regularly and because it is true, it's warranted. He says "You can't unscramble eggs". You simply cannot repair the utterly broken. This is true of the "system" and this is true of the traditional family in my opinion.

There comes a time when the sacred cow is so old and feeble that it no longer produces milk or offspring. It can barely wander the fields and graze. The ranch hands must give more attention and resources to it. The veterinarians cannot mend it any further. Clearly, the merciful thing is to slaughter the sacred cow.

THE SACRIFICE OF SACRED COWS

It is here, at the Altar of Mars, that the Warlock is born. Before him was a shattered husk that called himself "man". Through his breaking of oaths and tearing down of cherished institutions; he is renewed. An empty cup waiting to be filled. This time with an intentionally chosen elixir, the blood of his offerings.

Where before his caste was decided for him. Before his occupation was chosen by what was available to him. Before he had only the family he came into and descended from him. His faith and beliefs were selected for or more likely indoctrinated in him. His limits seemed set in stone.

He, Son of Mars, now a powerful Warlock raises his blade to the stars. He will feel the warmth of the sacrificial blood running down his arm and know the freedom that he seized. He, Son of The Dread Mother, now reborn into this world takes the unspoken oath. Finds himself with a worthy heritage and new bloodline.

Kinsmen, once again will mean something. Honour and Strength amongst it's charter. Character and Purpose, tested and revealed. The soil beneath his feet and landscape are unveiled to be his true home. Erected upon it or most likely grown from it; The House of Iconoclasts. It's embrace is reserved for these children of Mars.

With all of this said, I break my final oath and reject my final institution. Those who are willing to stand beside me and look to me for what it means to be a Warlock and an Iconoclast, let me point to you the way. Should you embrace me, then I will embrace you, welcoming you into the Great House.

THE HOUSE OF ICONOCLASTS



STATEMENT OF INTENT

The House of Iconoclasts exists to establish a noble fraternal lodge in the 21st century. The House of Iconoclasts will herein be referred to as either the Noble House or simply as 9AO. The Noble House will exact a measure of personal, philosophical, physical, societal, and spiritual achievements. The Noble House and its methods, standards, and practices are intended to be exclusive to its members (herein referred to as kinfolk). 9AO operates firstly on the principle of merit. None can enter the Noble House without earning it. It should be known that among the kinfolk of the Noble House there will be true fellowship and solidarity.

We seek to elevate and enrich the well-being of what we understand to be three sacred triangles. The Mastery, The Architecture, and The Mystery which are the rudimentary names given to each triangle. By developing these we seek to evolve what it means to be human and become something more.

WHAT ARE THE THREE SACRED TRIANGLES?

The Mastery = Mind/Body/Life-force

The Architecture = Family/Culture/Opus

The Mystery = Purpose/Integration/ Virtue

WHAT IS EXCELLENCE OF SELF?

Fidelity

Honour

Prestige

Endurance

Essence

Strength

Balance

Empathy

Wisdom

WHAT IS EXCELLENCE IN SOCIETY?

Adherence

Autonomy

Development

Fraternity

Liberty

Productivity

Prosperity

Pursuit

Security

Excellence requires dedication and tenacity, but yields tremendous focus and fulfilment. The Noble House recognizes concepts such as "happiness and peace" as the unattainable myths they are. The Noble House elevates conquest and purpose to stand in their place. After all, a happy beggar is still a beggar nonetheless. Our kinfolk choose war and chaos. We celebrate the Magical Operation known to us as Darkhorse. This Darkhorse provides our methodology and strategy in part.

Our aims? To transform the core of our being and manifest a more authentically human; human being. To infiltrate, infest, and ultimately infect. Giving rise to an authentic humanity; unbroken and unindoctrinated. The superior Iconoclast.

Iconoclast means "image breaking" especially in the context of self, religion, culture, and politics. If there is a sacred cow; it must be sacrificed. It is only through the immersion of self into these forms and the eventually shedding of them, that we truly can see the whole of their lessons. Thus the deeper gnosis of shape-shifting begins to culminate into an evolved understanding. As we undergo the shifts, it becomes more and more difficult to relate to the Puritan and the Magian.. This gives rise to the need for fraternity and belonging.

There is a place for you. It isn't automatically granted to you. Yet it is attainable and within reach. The end goal? To manifest this in the living world abroad.

THE FORGE OF DOUBT



The current trend in Western culture is one that raises up individuality and uniqueness. It seems like everyone is chasing attractiveness and status. There are millions and millions of would-be social influencers. As stand alone statements or even when considering them together as a whole concept, these are things that should be applauded and encouraged. Yet, I can't help but make note of the lack of consistency and the obvious facades.

A close friend of mine, regularly points to this phenomenon and scowls at it. He's right to do so. The only flaw that I can find in his analysis, isn't really an argument against his disgust. You see, I agree with him that the internet is where people go to pretend to be anyone they want. The flaw is that he has limited the scope of his judgement too narrowly. Turns out people are fraudulent by-in-large.

This is not to say, that there aren't genuine people. I think some genuine people can at times, find themselves being disingenuous. This isn't really any shocking new observation. However, this is a form of corruption. A corruption that seems to seep deeper and deeper into the collective consciousness. It is not anything new or novel that this "fakeness" is prevalent in the masses. We've simply added a few new layers on top of it.

When I consider this in contrast, I'm not surprised to find this rampantly existing, even in self-professed satanists. The internet removes a layer of accountability. Accountability is an idea that has long been eroding and rotting. Anton LaVey was writing about it in the 60's. Accountability is often framed to be "an owning of your wrong doing", but that doesn't really seem to encompass its proper apprehension. What is really being put forth is, an honesty to self. A personal sincerity, void of delusions without intention.

When I was young, I often pondered the stark consistency of LaVey's philosophy and his character. Old Howie's detractors often point to all of LaVey's lavish deceptions. From plagiarism to the embellished and sometimes completely fictitious stories of his past. Certainly there's no accountability, right? I have to disagree. I find it completely consistent.

A man with a fake name. Telling embellished or possibly false stories. Pushing a meant-to-be sensational "religion" of the secular and rebellious. Charging a membership fee for a "church" against all churches. All while grifting the grifters. Watching those old videos of ritual and ceremony and even the many television interviews, there can be seen a twinkle in the corner of his eye. After all, the devil is a gentlemen, in the words of Shakespeare.

You can see it, simply by observing. There's a consistency in him. A playful deviance, if you will. A harmony between word and deed. Should he be a liar, then let his lies be bold and outlandish. We then find an inner-resonance of self honesty to balance against it. With the mind of Lucifer, a carefully crafted deception was made to inspire doubt.

LaVey was a proponent of doubt as being paramount to truth. Doubt, the emancipator of minds, bearing the sword of unbridled wisdom. If this is a war for the eternal souls of men, then doubt is the great equalizer. A great many will ask themselves, "Is this a hill worth dying on".

We are left in contemplation. Are we pretending or is this truly who we are. Is there a consistency between our words and deeds? We realize that, no matter how fortified the castle is; if it's built on a mountain of sand, it takes but a wave to wash it from the shore.

Live Deliberately!

BECOMING HUMAN



We see the same traits manifest throughout all of history. Each occurrence is a slightly less authentic copy of the earlier iterations. Defining ourselves by answering simple multiple choice questions like, "am I a cat person or a dog person?". We lose ourselves in the madness of mimicry. The very skill that facilitates some of the necessary components of higher learning can act as a trapdoor. Disconnecting from the potential for discovering some type of genuine authenticity. At the same time, losing the sense of completion in our being.

How then do we become whole again? Can we discover the more natural version of "self"? Will we persevere in striking the delicate balance between the primal beastly animal and our divinity of emergent intellectuality? More concisely, can we evolve?

I look to the more traditional times, before the distortion and corruption seeped in, poisoning our collective prana. As a people, we faced the unknown darkness, as it threatened all around us. Emerging from deep within us. These were the days of tempering and trial. The ancient forge of the gods.

There is a sentiment appearing as a catastrophic phenomena. This phenomenon is rampant and spreading like rot does. There is a difficulty in bringing to light the full impact and implications of such atrophy. Atrophy taking a prohibitory form, divorcing the "I's" within us. Forcing a denial of self, whether be it through law, manufactured morality, or social acceptance. All forms of repression.

In reality, we are biologically an ecosphere. Striking systematic balances on a myriad of delicate vectors. The simplest example of this that I can think of, is the gradual measure of Glycaemia. Where the absence/abundance of glucoses can have substantial consequences. If left unadulterated, one would either adapt or succumb to it. This type of occurrence is multi-tiered, and often simultaneously acting. That is the natural worldly order.

It is in understanding this, that I can experience a kind of empathy. An understanding that nothing is forever, nor has equal chances of survival. It is the nature of this world that we are pitted against the whole. Not just on the external, but most profoundly within ourselves. Most strikingly, we become aware that as time sifts through the hourglass, the distortion magnifies.

Somewhere in our quest towards divinity, we lost touch with our authenticity. What must be undergone to regain this, will require the loss of conceptual superiority. You cannot become the overman when you are barely a man to begin with. Reasoning then distinctly places us with the task of becoming human.

Human, not just in the rediscovery of the lost beast within, but in our socializations. While the rest of the Western civilization is debating on what gender they identify as, we find ourselves questioning what is so corrupt to have brought us to this point.

THEATRE OF CRUELTY

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You have no doubt, at some point in your life, spent time pondering how society, and indeed the world, is unjust and the personal gain of the rich and powerful is placed first at the cost of freedom and human lives. You've probably imagined or even engaged in physical practices with the intention of drawing attention to the subject matter, or ending it entirely. Yet, when all was said and done, you still could not understand why your actions had or will have little-to-no effect on the people. The answer to this consists of two reasons: the target location is incorrect for the task at hand, and moderation in application, which is something you have likely exercised if you value your freedom.

The ideal target location for waking someone up, metaphorically speaking, is to target epistemology, the tools an individual uses to think. The ideal amount of moderation to apply to the medium that will be responsible for "snapping them out of it" is none. A dormant people who have been subjected to societal Stockholm Syndrome require intense and dramatised occurrences for even a moment's consideration that things may not be as they seem or that other ways of life are viable for their existence.

Nineteenth-century French playwright, Antonin Artaud, said:

"If our life lacks brimstone, it is because we choose to observe our acts and lose ourself in considerations of their imagined form, instead of being impelled by their force."

Broken down, all nuance removed, Artaud believed that too much thinking and subservience to the expectations of society stole the elements of fear and excitement that humans, in his view, are meant to experience and revel in. Artaud wanted to wake people up to this idea but did not believe that people could be spurred into revolution by request. His surrealist associates choose Marxian communism as the tool for this job, whereas Artaud took a more subversive route (at the time) and created what he called: "Theatre of Cruelty."

Artaud's Theatre of Cruelty was an attempt at providing theatre-goers with a nauseating, overtly violent, sickening, and magnetic performance which drew attention to the absurd, exciting, and cruel laws and occurrences of life that are always present, even if acknowledgement of those laws and occurrences is refused by the observer. Modern art is built upon this idea but is rendered irrelevant to the original idea because it has become an accepted form of expression within society, something that Artaud's theory was always against.

It eventually found itself transmuted into many entertainment media after the second world-war due to the rise of the Absurd in continental European philosophy. While the shock remained, Artaud's purpose was, and is, rarely found. Theatre of Cruelty was essentially a life-affirming idea intended to combat the life-condemning ideas and concepts that come with peace-time society, but his idea can be applied in a much larger capacity.

In alchemy, the core mechanic is the figuring out of matter's nature, and then its subsequent deconstruction and reconstruction in order to create a new form. If the Greek definition of 'materia' is incorporated into the theory of this system as opposed to the modern definition of 'matter', which it likely would have been in Hermeticism, we find that ideas and concepts also fit into this system of deconstruction and reconstruction as they are also regarded as matter. This means that if one understands the 'tools'

which an individual or collective uses to think, one can transmute those tools into different tools, leading to an entirely different process of thought and action.

Artaud's Theatre of Cruelty is one of many furnaces that can heat a process of thought until it has no choice but to change its form, just like a piece of metal heated to its melting point. When this has occurred, the observer, if but for a moment, is forced to ponder uncomfortable ideas about the nature of existence and what may or may not exist within its parameters, pushing them one step closer to breaking societal conditioning.

With the over-thinking of life's affirming values comes the inception of life- condemnation. With exposure to cruelty and absurdity comes the inception of life- affirmation.

DEVILRY: A REVIVAL OF TRADITIONAL SATANISM



Shakespeare said "Hell is empty and all the devils are here".

I believe, nothing knows the depths of evil better than people. As I see it, none can know the artistry of a painting better than its creator. There is a place that artists live in during our rituals of creation. Let's call it a dimension of infinite potentiality; a realm in which, the artist contrasts the shadows from its highlights. As the artist assigns the values, a pattern appears.

This means that what is permitted is brought forward and what is forbidden is driven deep into absence; outcasted. An image formed with perfection in mind. Yet the scope of the creation's beauty is magnified when you begin to contemplate what is intentionally removed. If this creation was composed of words and ideas the consideration of what is preference would become antithetical. Creating a dynamic challenge between them.

Since people are the authors of evils, they portray them with an image of perfection. Creating the contrast between permissible and forbidden. Thus the permissive, through popular sentiment and aesthetic preference, becomes orthodoxy. Ulteriorly that which is taboo or forbidden takes up the form of heresy.

With the purpose of not dragging the analogy out further than necessary; no uniformed interpretation of art can be embraced by all. Each artist calls forth selected qualities within their works. The subtle and sometimes stark heresies give rise to variants of beauty in popular culture. As a particular culture is defined by its creative manifestation and palettes of taste; there becomes a clear ideology of what is deemed ugly, undesirable, and ultimately labeled evil. Hold in mind that art needs it's critics.

THE DEVIL WITHIN US

There's is an old dichotomy debated within the diabolic circles. It is the born-versus-made contention. The prior sees that one either possesses innate qualities of devilry, including latently, or one doesn't. Whereas the former only strikes a subtle deviation, concluding that all hold this as a potential predisposition to the diabolic. I find myself, in agreement that we are Bawrn.

My certainty comes with the recognition of the sheep flocking behind every would be Shepard. The moving from one grassy knoll to the next is akin to the effortless way the branches of the trees sway in the moderate wind. People are truly like that, so many sleepwalkers, so little presence of true self-awareness. To stand back and observe it; you begin to see the magnificent symphony as it's conductor manifests. Suddenly the recognition of separateness unveils an awareness sometimes acute but persistent.

This first shock, this "revelation" is a momentary awakening. From within, the shadow finds itself alerted. Much like a sharp note within a scale. Through this comes a realization that you are not as flaccid and bendable as has been witnessed. Clearly your sense of composure clashes. It is at the moment, that we pick up "our brush" in an effort to make a better work, that we encroach the profane.

From that point forward, we become the critic. It is precisely the formation of alternative values and objective criticism which leads to offense among the indoctrinated sleepers. The heavier the critique, the harder they'll rail against it. Sleepers, by in large, don't want to be awakened, and the very existence of something that could potentially disturb them is unnerving.

In nature, it's not uncommon to see indifference to those triggers from one species to another as they continue along the way. It is more common though, to see a species take advantage and use it to ensnare it's prey. Without conscience acknowledgement of otherness. Thus the born argument is affirmed.

THE INFERNAL EMINENCE

Let us now examine the most prominent characteristics of the diabolic. These are fiercely inscribed upon the heart of, and dare I say, ingrained within the souls of the horde. Non Serviam, there can be no surrender. The Law of the Jungle, while usually this is phrased as "survival of the fittest"; that is a misstep in understanding. This isn't as true about survival; as it is true about thriving. Domination, no matter the tactics used, is evidenced through strength.

Morior Invictus, I die unvanquished. Nothing is more glorious than the passion of the trumpets echoing the city walls. Excellence is a pursuit worthy of any gambit. Trust and kinship are earned, not given. Loyalty is the fruit of our union through them.

Lex Talionis, what's taken out must be put back in. There is a caveat though, your word must be your bond. Your accolades and retributions equally swift and exact. The motto, fuck around and find out.

Morality is a house built of flimsy cards, but honour is a brickmade stronghold. The more principled and resolute your conviction to nobility is, the more weight your words and actions will hold. Truth is the black flamed sword thrusting down upon fraud and corruption. Thus from the corpse, we cut away only what is useful. Culling that which is unfit for consumption.

We only have the certainty of one life to which we live. Therefore we must love fully and completely, when we love. We must work hard and relentlessly when we lust, albeit for affection, power, or prowess. No matter the sacrifice required. No matter how large or small the task. Our measure of its worth must be convincing. No permission needed, there's no apology necessary.

In these times, those more concerned with their own honour than social acceptance, are truly the devils of the today. Stand strong, in the face of demonization and ridicule. Hold fast to your principles and values, as you ride out the raining arrows. If you fall, rub some dirt in it and become a Phoenix. Scorching everything as you rise.

Live Deliberately!

KÓRYOS: NEITHER HERD NOR HIVE



THE PULL OF MARS

The Children of Mars (Bawrn) are lost among us. Disheveled and emancipated by the rising of Nation-states thru “global economy”. Once upon a time, they would take up arms to defend their clan. It was during this time that a “rite of passage” was commonplace across the globe. As adolescent boys transcended into manhood, they learned useful skills like fishing, foraging, hunting, raiding, and warfare. These were the keys to the entry gate.

BEYOND THE ENTRY GATE

Upon crossing the threshold, by way of proving oneself a contributor to the clan; a set of gates were placed before them. The first and most often chosen was to take up the mantle of one’s family profession. This entailed the understanding that one day you would be called upon to once again take up arms. One day you would give your youngling over to the Kóryos.

The second was the choice to make war your profession. This presented a path in which one could transcend the family’s current caste. Thus specializing in one type of skill set or another. This was a path to glory, honour, and leadership.

In certain cultures, finding death through this gate was the only way to reach a rewarding afterlife. The greatest and most glorious offering one could make in the Temple of Mars was that of self-offering. Your blood rejoining the Dread Mother’s, to nourish the soil beneath. “Come back with your shield... or on it!” was one blessing spoken. “Valhalla Awaits!” or the native equivalent is another.

The third was the road least travelled. Thus as I see it, the most sacred and spiritual of them. An Opfering of the “civilized man” in lieu of a submission to the beast within. A wyrdful abandonment of the façade of separation from the natural worldly order. Surrendering oneself to the carnal bloodlust and battle rages. Connecting to the WILL of the Dread Mother, and thereby imbuing oneself with seemingly supernatural abilities.

None can claim ignorance to the stories of the Berserkers. Nor deny the sorcery born to the ancient arenas of gladiators. My own people traditionally passed down stories of Cú Chulainn. Thus a resounding echo across the ancient world, undeniable to those with the faculties to comprehend it. To cross this gate was to be reborn with one foot on each side of the veil.

FOR THE SOWN; A REAPER COMETH: DEATH NEXION

“Nythra, representing death puts into man all the wisdom of the world, without speaking a word, which the God of the Christians, and with all what the divided Bible contains, promises, and threats does not infuse. Vindex exchanges death for life through “Opfer”. For the one who dies, death is liberation, while through “Opfer” someone’s death is desired that others may live stated by Caiaphas, as in the ritual act it releases hidden energies of the “will aspect”.

“Opfer” urges the progress of those still alive physically, emotionally and intellectually, a kind of rebirth of the living. “Opfer” is to loose in order to gain, as a governing principle of life. When this urge to “Opfer” in order to

win, gain or salvage, and that which is deemed desirable is understood, then the “sacrifice” will surely be revealing to the Sinister Man. What it really connotes is the emergence of that which is most sinister in man, as an aspect of desire, the dynamic, active side and not so much the feeling, the sensuous side.

– Magister Hagur

THE DARK GODS IN THE SPHERES AND PATHWORKINGS

Though there may contain many layers of gates after the entry gate, and even more so beyond this gate; this is the transitional gate towards the Void. Our final rite of passage, in the natural worldly order. What lies beyond it cannot ever be known from this side. There have been many cheap promises made over the course of mankind’s existence, these are purely snake oil.

One should be wary of buying snake oil. This is not a new or novel statement. Nothing is promised, and all is permitted. In fact, I am of the ilk in which finds the passionate blind commitment of those seeking to earn their place on the other side; a thing of spectacular beauty. There is something to be said for those willing to die for what they love. This is Honour. This is more human than human. This is a true legacy. This is tangible immortality!

“The blood of the heroes is closer to God than the ink of the philosophers and the prayers of the faithful.”

– Julius Evola

WARLOCKS



"Walk freely among them. There are none to fear. A Devil veiled in the mist. The Apex."

NO SURRENDER

Non Servium, I will not serve. No one should ever be forced to take a knee. Not to a man. Not to an army. Not to a state. Not to an ideology. Not to fear.

There are so few that live a worthy life. So there are MANY that are not worthy of living. Bending at the knee for so much. Lacking the backbone and conviction in having consistency of character. Masquerading as free, yet are anything but free.

Slaves to many masters. Bound in so many ways. Slowly ripping apart, being pulled in so many directions. The collective suffering is unfathomably immense. Self-deceit seems like a reasonable coping mechanism, when faced with the overwhelming darkness of what might lurk beyond our control.

We have such a finite sphere of influence. Try to pull the heavens to the earth and be crushed under the weight. Try to raise hell and be scorched by the reckoning of ultimate consumption. It makes sense that we play all these games of distraction, the sheer vastness of possibilities seems overwhelming.

Yet we are alive. Most will continue to be alive. Live deliberately. Be decisive and bold. If you must wear a mask in life, let it be one of your own designs. At all costs, do not surrender this life to mundane pursuits.

THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE

"To reap what is sown, imbues the sovereignty of the law. Do what thou wilt; this is the whole of the law."

You have but one true judge and though there are many courts of opinion; it is your conscience that truly holds the gavel. Can you live with it? Will you always be able to do so?

In the Sinister traditions, many look up to David Myatt. Yet few seem to recognize the immense regrets expressed by the man. His rejection of extremism, by itself, stands alone with saturation in personal shame. For those that make the assertion that he wrote under the pseudonym of Anton Long there's an even more profound insight gleamed.

If you take this as a given. If you dare to make the claim, that Myatt equals Long, then you will be met with a backlash of ludicrous gaslighting disguised as calls of "logical fallacy" in a circular argument that cannot be overcome. This is because the argument asks for "primary sources" that were written by an anonymous person. So the goal post is just continuously moved just out of reach.

Think about this for a second though. Why is it so important to keep the charade going? Why is the mysteriousness and anonymity of identity so sacred? To me, it makes sense. Hear me out here. If Myatt has written a heartfelt rejection of extremism and is sincere, then why not make it a full confession and clear the mind?

I can reach only two conclusions; first is the possibility that it really isn't Myatt at all. Alternatively, this is a tormented man. A man unwilling to let go of perceived infamy and an insincerity to self and others. It suits me better to assume the prior statement, because the latter brings forth a deep empathy and sadness. Imagine that internal war as it's waging on. Conflicted to see what's come from the espoused ideology; the battle between ego and conscience eternally wrestling.

So I plea to you, my reader. In a world where all is truly permitted (obviously despite any moral or authoritarian law) be mindful of what you can carry with you. Every action has a reaction and there are worse things than death to consider.

I DIE UNVANQUISHED

“There are many forms of death, the easiest is a physical one.”

I despise cowards. In the deepest darkest pit of my gut, they sicken me. They are all cut from the same cloth of contempt. Weak and desperate is their chief features. Let us not conflate cowardliness with fear itself. Fear though mostly diminutive in its positive aspects, at least has the power to be motivating. That is when placed in the context of self-preservation. You can overcome fears, it just takes the right understanding and empowerment to do so.

Cowardliness on the other hand, shows an utterly pathetic and often infectious lack of character. It is often said that, if you don't stand for something; then you will fall to anything. If you can muster anything resembling dignity; then at least learn to stand for yourself.

The following are two statements, when contrasted a certain quality of character is imbued within each of them guess which is which and the notions each embraces:

- (a) Rather than surrender to them; die (if necessary by your own hand) than allow yourself to be dishonourably humiliated by them.
- (b) Better to die on your feet, than live on your knees.

Both sound noble and frankly badass, but are they? Statement (b) almost sounds exactly like statement (a)... they are not. The first suggestion implicates a character of weakness that lacks the spirit to overcome and avenge yourself. If the goal is not to be dishonored and humiliated, then why not force them to kill you.

If you must suffer then let your suffering be awe inspiring. Let it be of epic proportioning, that none might say your stature was frail. Dig in so deep and push back without such ferocity that nothing remains.

Should you fall, stand up again. Should you lose, then learn from it. Lose again and again, until you learn how to win. Death is only a defeat, if you succumb willingly to the defeat. Such is the mindset of the bold.

EVIL EYE FOR AN EYE

“But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.”

– Mathew 5 : 39 (KJV)

You've heard it said that an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; leaves everyone blind and toothless. This type of platitude leaves a bitter taste, when spoken. It misses the subtle defiance and stark challenge issued to dare it again. It harkens back to a misinterpretation of the words of Jesus.

When I think about this, my mind always plays out a generic trope often used in movies. Where the character is struck and instead of taking the damage dramatically, turns back with a defiance rooted in hatred in their eyes. Dispensing a look that screams out, should you continue to fuck around; you will find out.

One should be deadly and dangerous in character, yet have the strength of mind to discern the appropriate circumstances in which to unleash your fury. Indicating that you've measured and standardized where you lay the lines in the sand. Then having signaled that when your barrier is breached; the severity of response will measure tenfold the transgression committed.

In these “modern times” there is a great deal of moralizing, particularly in this respect. We are taught that we should be willingly victimized and then allow the authorities to handle the matter. This never plays out with the necessary consistency warranted.

Too often someone is left with the feeling of injustice. The sort of justice currently administered is artificial and lacking. It ignores the natural worldly order. It makes claims of “blindness” but seldom offers any semblance of balance.

Which brings me to this final thought here. These institutions that we hold up so high. They are erroneously corrupt and unnatural. Carrying us so far from the world in which we inhabit. We owe nothing to them.

UNDERTOW: THE CURRENTS OF INFLUENCE



For far too long, we have suppressed the whole of our beings. We do so by our own volition. We recklessly submit to erroneous and often purposely imposed influences. In that submission; we deny ourselves evolution. We fail to see the pitfall of not developing our full body. Claiming we are a unique being. Yet going along with the herd at the same time. A marionette of mundanes. Throughout this site, you will find tools which can be used to cut these strings.

Remember it is said, "If you don't stand for something, you will fall for anything."

Carefully choosing what influences you, will greatly impact the character of your being. We are living organisms. It stands to reason that, what we intake (I.E.. Nutrition, chemical infusion, etc.) will directly augment what we output. In following this to its entirety, we discover a universal principle of causal effect.

When we discuss it at this level of psycho-physiology (termed here 'the meta'); we are examining a parallel concept to what G.I. Gurdjieff spoke of as identification. Allowing the transition from Man #1 #2 #3 into #4 or #5 and then sequentially #6 and #7.

It can be understood that Man 1-2-3 and 4 are "In Time", with Man #5 being the pinnacle of what is possible "In Time". #6 and #7 are then respectively "Against Time" and "Above Time". These ideas reflect a kind of echo of the 7FW and Hermetic Traditions, predisposing the initiate to specific influences and catalyzing the meta change.

"The Dark Gods, who in deepest secret entity are powers of the Unconsciousness whether personal or collective, seated in it as in their proper home, are in their knowledge "sinister-truth-conscious" and in their action possessed of the "seer-will". Their unconscious force turned towards chaos evoking works and dark creation is possessed and guided by a perfect and direct knowledge of the thing to be done, its essence and its law, a knowledge which determines a whole effective will-power that does not deviate or falter in its process or in its result, but expresses and fulfils spontaneously and inevitably in the act that which is seen in their energy."

– Magister Hagur

In the quote above, we can recognize that Hagur is describing something which can be understood as the law of influence. We can recognize what might be vectored as the "hand of the Dark Gods" in the statement. Allowing the Work of the dark creation to flow through the unconscious into action. He even assigns categories, personal or collective. Which we can liken to scales of alchemy. The internal alchemy of the psychonaut and the external alchemy (sorcery) of the cosmonaut.

Sorcery is like alchemy in that it is about understanding the polarizations of opposing forces. Recognizing where they attract and where they repel, and then ascending above them at just the right moment, so that you might put a hand in their direction. That you might influence the current.

DARK EMPATH



AWAKENED CURRENT

I have spent my entire life in pursuit of 'Awakening'. Struggled to understand its meaning and master its form. Endless hours of meditation. Countless rituals and evocations. Immersed in psychotropic substances and intentional deprivations. I was fixated on Astral Projection and what is called OBE(s). All of this work has brought me to one resounding error.

I sought what was already there. An aspect of being that is disconnected, severed by generations of domestication. We are born with an innate connection to the whole. Call it our sixth sense. The meta-awareness of life as its entirety. A triangle is the perfect representation of its understanding. A side for the mind. One for the body. One for the spirit. All connected as one.

The dreamer and the dream; realized as dreaming. The creator and creation are the two phases of creativity. Have you ever wondered where the artist is separated from his painting? Or maybe when The musician ends and the song begins? What separates the thought from it's thinker?

What is empathy? How do we come to it? These connections we form, are most curious.

THE DARK-LIGHTED PATHWAY

As I sit staring out the window, at the trees swaying in the breeze; my mind relaxes. I tune into the symphony that dances before me. All of existence pulsating in a sea of living vibrancy. Mesmerized by the seemingly endless stream of continuous connectivity, projecting from my consciousness outward; simultaneously acting in each plane and manifesting in the next. I am aware of the wondrousness that is being. So clearly I see the supernatural, and know it isn't what it has been made out to be; instead something much more.

Do not mistake this for superstition. I am firmly grounded without the hysterics of ignorant falsity. Tangibly and verifiable, the sorcery is exploding in a fantastic supernova; engulfing everything imaginable and always. Though at this moment, I am only its witness; at times I am its composer, and at others its agent. I recognize that I may choose any role within it, I simply must recognize how it is connected to me. Like any great Magus, a gesture made, a symbol drawn, the calling of a name, or a chant in whisper, might give me the power to bend the folds of reality.

One relationship, I've develop an interest in unlocking the secrets to; is the self as primal, carnal, and ephemeral. Is it not the ivory skeleton-key carved out to open all the doors of potential? I celebrate its induction, codifying it by denoting it symbolically as a skull. What a potent representation, which saturates my mentation as I struggle to understand Influences; how they affect me, and how I can wield them. One might wonder, out of all the eligible symbols to represent our being; why the skull?

The temple which houses all that we know and all that we are. The fortress of mind and soul. It is a flaccid and malleable frame, for that which enters this world first. In life its contents are the key to unlocking understanding and potential. Long after the last breath escapes, after the flicker's echo is gone; it still haunts its final bed. A worthy pot for the blooming bulbs of experience. No other symbol speaks so strongly of mortality.

THE CHALICE OF CONSCIOUSNESS

This beautiful totem has been vilified, blossoming into the most feared representation of all time. Adorning all that the puritan mandate deems harmful and destructive. The Slyman recognizes it as the Chalice of Consciousness. Clashed between the palms of Queen of the Night. A dull silvery-white goblet adorned with three names etched in onyx ink. Shugara, Noctulius, and Nythra the Dark Gods of inner sinister awareness. Depicted above; nested in the center of the three points of self, within the enneagram. Is this the vile symbol of death and destruction, or the chamber of thought; or both?

“The Moon, the Great Mother of the Underworld Realm, the netherworld, the underground world is an archetype of a place as well as a personality pattern. The underworld corresponds symbolically to the personal and collective unconscious. The collective unconscious is the realm of archetypes, or universal human pattern, that can be constellated, precipitated, or evoked by circumstances that energise them. These patterns have existed through time, lived out by people who have long since died. In a sense they exist as “shades”, or archetypes that indeed are repeatedly born again (as long as they are remembered). Here, the erroneous belief in reincarnation.

The Moon, in the plenitude of the dark power, authority and dominion over the night, the darkness, and the surface of the deep, Noctulius and Satanas, each following their own course are hovering as Dragons over the Earth, passing on the “password” to all those willing to listen and act upon.”

– Magister Hagur

Once this essence is awakened; it can never be closed again. Not entirely, at least. The shadowy ‘self’ will remain a constant whisper. An eerie reminder that you have passed the point of no return. You cannot unsee what Hagur deemed “The Dark Light”. You were caught in the Rational Gaze.

To this end, comes the hard task, to keep the gate open. So that all of its mystery and majesty scorches through enshrouding you into the deep; into the Void. Emptying the Chalice, so that it may be filled with something more worthy. Something insidious, something sinister.

THE DARK CONCEALMENT I



All is truly one. Still to understand it, one must divide it, and then devour it; bringing it back to one.

To truly live, you must be ready and willing to die.

So few live a worthy life, therefore MANY are not worthy of living.

Abstinence is the quickest route to unfulfilled potential. Spoiling a life not lived in. Yet I would caution the consumer to be careful not to become consumed.

To reap what is sown, imbues the sovereignty of the law. Do what thou will; this is the whole of the law.

To receive the Greatest Teacher, we must remain a defiant student.

Mastery is to know, to dare, and to be silent.

Reject Nirvana, for suffering is meant to be endured not escaped or extinguished.

Sacrifice feeds strength and influence.

When a mind is enlightened, it casts shadows onto the subconscious. Truly the more enlightened the mind, the darker the shadows we find.

Black is absence, devoid of weaknesses.

Wisdom seeks it's own certainties; not some "truth". Therefore it is not hindered by dogmas or narrow-mindedness.

Sure to stand tall we can see farther, but this gives the sniper his mark. Sure the squeaky wheel gets the oil, but sometimes it gets replaced.

A show of strength creates weakness. To remain passive incites violence. Should we know our true animal self, we would realize; we can never know peace.

He who thinks himself special is the most mundane of all.

Never trust one that offers no trust to you. Should there be a glimmer of doubt, quickly make your way out.

An alchemist puts everything to the black flame. By reduction, one can understand things at its elemental base.

One cannot cultivate a garden in soil that is already tainted. One cannot breathe freely when the air is restricted. One cannot be revitalized from ash and cinder. One cannot move through water fearlessly, without knowing the depths of it.

Hold these as virtues; awareness, endurance, and severance. Hold these as strengths; certainty, fortitude, and furtiveness. These virtues will nurture esteem, and strengths will adorn prestige.

Bare only esteem and prestige; illuminating as Lucifer. Insurgency and non-conformity are truly essential to evolution. Fear not the fall, instead find the strength to rise.

Be honourable and you will gain respect. Respect will bring you influence and influence is literally raw power.

Be silent and truly listen. Stay hidden and truly observe. Assume nothing and learn what things truly are.

Never expect the impossible and never grieve the irretrievable, and most of all; never fear the inevitable.

When something is revered as beautiful, it becomes ugly.

If a virtue is thought to be altruistic, it is not worthy.

Being rises up, born of non-being.

Balance in nature reveals nothing is equal.

Strength is gained by the learning of weaknesses.

As the old master in certainty teaches;

What is difficult can be easy, just as what's easy can be made difficult.

To know this lights the path of effortlessness. The practice of observation and deed.

Life always ends in death. From death ALL life is nourished. This is the natural worldly order.

He who knows the Tree of Wyrð, knows the seed from which it spurned;

Knows the earth and the sky beyond; and the seasons in which it's leaves will turn.

Know the truth of the self and be enlightened.

Know the truth of the world, and you have embraced wisdom.

Recognize where they cross each other and discover the insidious.

OF THE A:O



The Dark Gods. Referred to by Lovecraft as the “Great Old Ones” and the “Outer Gods”, I have come to know them as The Ancient Ones. A fictional pantheon created by Lovecraft to build atmosphere in his tales, according to our tradition, the A:O are the primeval archetypes of Living Aethyr. HPL, by means of his stricken health, may have developed a naturally occurring deep esoteric resonance. Lovecraft inadvertently tapped into something ancient and primordial; a pervasive metaphysical essence at the beginning of all Aeons, which exists outside the physical plane. That same essence began revealing itself by manifesting unspeakable cosmic horrors in the dreams of Lovecraft.

In mankind's early days, the A:O were nameless gods. Adepts came and went as frequently as the decades passed, each one ascribing a name(s) to the attributes recognized. Each passing generation, trying to find a better way to communicate what the A:O was. Our species lacked the capacity to describe the essence before and within them. At first we could only give it relations to elements in nature which appeared to be supranatural. When we finally mastered the art of anthropomorphization, we had all but forgotten what we were first trying to describe. An essence which was the catalyst that caused man to evolve and one day take our place among the Deep Ones; astral beings transcending dimensional existence as living conduit from which the A:O could return.

The A:O was lulled into a death-like sleep and forgotten by the world. New Gods, that is Lesser Gods; had come to take the place of the cosmic horrors, we had once so revered. Somewhere deep inside the fragments of our being, there is a residual memory of the terrors of mutagenic transformation; but we have long since faded from awareness. As the LG demanded blind obedience to its paradoxical morality, out of fear for our supposedly immortal soul. Mankind fell from our connection to that metaphysical essence (magnetic center). Yet, farther from the true nature of our being.

To the A:O we had become insignificant and irrelevant. Once ripe with so much promise and potential, we had spoiled and rotted away in the once fertile soil from whence we had grown. The LG had poisoned our prana with morality, slavery, and suffering, so that it would be suitable to sustain them. So the Slyman's Work since its inception, has been focused on awakening that resonance of metaphysical essence (magnetic center). To do this we would need to work in a particular direction, and in a particular fashion.

This magnetic center can be thought of as the prisoner part of our self which is emaciated and weak. It cannot live freely. When we begin the Work, it is clear that the cage imprisoning our magnetic center is unlocked. There is no real barrier preventing us from escaping.

Unfortunately, we are far too pathetic to live outside this cage. In order to survive, we must become stronger and more potent. Therefore, to be nourished, our essence (magnetic center) should be observed from the outside occasionally at first, and then with greater frequency. Gaining knowledge of what is happening in the world. The movement between this knowledge and our essence (magnetic center) is called Self-Remembering. Self-Remembering is energy creating tremendous positive (to our benefit) change. Essence is grown stronger and more potent with proper nutrition (the correct work within our centers) and specific impressions of the world. We then can determine the correct action to take based upon the information, experience, and work. Finally leaving the cage. It is at that point, our magnetic center shall be called the “Real I”.

“Real I” takes over showing us that mundane (puritan) life is not an important thing. Nor is it our optimal focus. Puritan life only gives us the basics and that is if we are fortunate. Our Great Work, on the other hand, is central to becoming more Conscious.

When the Work becomes our focus, we are making evolutionary progress towards an aeonic perspective; towards awakening the A:O.

It is important that the reader acknowledge that there is a particular phenomenon being discussed here. Strip away anything thought to be extraordinary, fantastic, or supernatural; something still exists that is undeniable. This essence being discussed seems to be something which can exist outside of our otherwise biomechanical nature. Throughout history you can see one religion after the next all focused in one way or the other upon it. Science can only sort of measure it and only partially explain it. It is one of the chief mysteries that have puzzled thinkers and mystics since the beginning of this Aeon.

Theistic and gnostic relate it to the concept of a "soul" or "spirit". A. Maslow labelled it as "self-actualization" and theorized that it could be cultivated to one step even higher. The attainment of a "transpersonal" state. Still none of them seem to wholly capture what, all of us seem to be aware of. That "thing", that alien essence, in which they all seem to point to; That is The A:O. That is what we must endeavor to awaken. This is the Great Work of the 9A:O.

APPENDIX: THE GREATEST HIDDEN FEAR

[QR CODE UNAVAILABLE]

The uncanny is described as a phenomenon in which we experience that which is both innately familiar and alien, simultaneously. It is an occurrence that compels us to temporarily consider unnerving and strange ideas about our sense of self and the world around us.

Manifestations of the uncanny are often found in dolls and mannequins. Coincidentally, or perhaps not, dolls and mannequins depict a humanoid form with either fixed or absent expressions, reminding us of ourselves if we were to have no emotion or purpose.

The idea of being a puppet-like object that is contorted, shaped and posed by an external force other than god(s); an unknown, vast and sinister puppeteer that controls our every move by strings that reach down from the dark emptiness of space is an existentially terrifying thought that sometimes stops people in their tracks, as if temporarily malfunctioned. A skeleton with ocean-deep black eyes and a sardonic smile is all that we are in that moment, until the gears start turning again, and the strings are pulled.

Even if one does not believe this, the very thought of it being a possibility gets under one's skin and lays eggs. It is a subtle terror that invades dreams of the day and dreams of the night. It slithers out from the subconscious and starts whispering when one has failed to distract oneself with everyday life. The uncanny is the greatest weapon at a practitioner's disposal if knowledge of how to infuse it into objects is understood.

Famous horror writers, Algernon Blackwood, Arthur Machen and H. P. Lovecraft, were able to infuse the uncanny into their works with masterful strokes. The baseline of the formula would consist of an object or location which is mundane and familiar, such as an idyllic countryside or ordinary house. As the reader learns of the setting and names of the characters, the improbable is slowly introduced and the line between natural and "supernatural" begins to blur, but the possibility of psychological factors being involved in the story is not removed, lending an element of empiricism, which our conception of reality needs in order for something to be believable.

One of the most interesting stories by Lovecraft is *The Dream in Witch House*, in which he is able to bring horror through the mundaneness and familiarity of the angles of a room. How he achieves this is by drawing the reader's attention to the fact that the angles that connect one of the walls to the roof of the house are considered geometrically "forbidden". This causes the reader to ponder how something can be mathematically forbidden. It prompts them to imagine how someone would respond to such a strange occurrence, and it implores them to consider that within something so familiar and mundane as mathematics, may reside something unknown and terrifying that bares the possibility of bleeding into causal space-time and changing the fabric of reality as we perceive it.

It is that brief moment of consideration, brought about by a manifestation of the uncanny, that every black magickian should be using to their diabolical advantage.